Uncle Si and Others

FRED M. ALLEN

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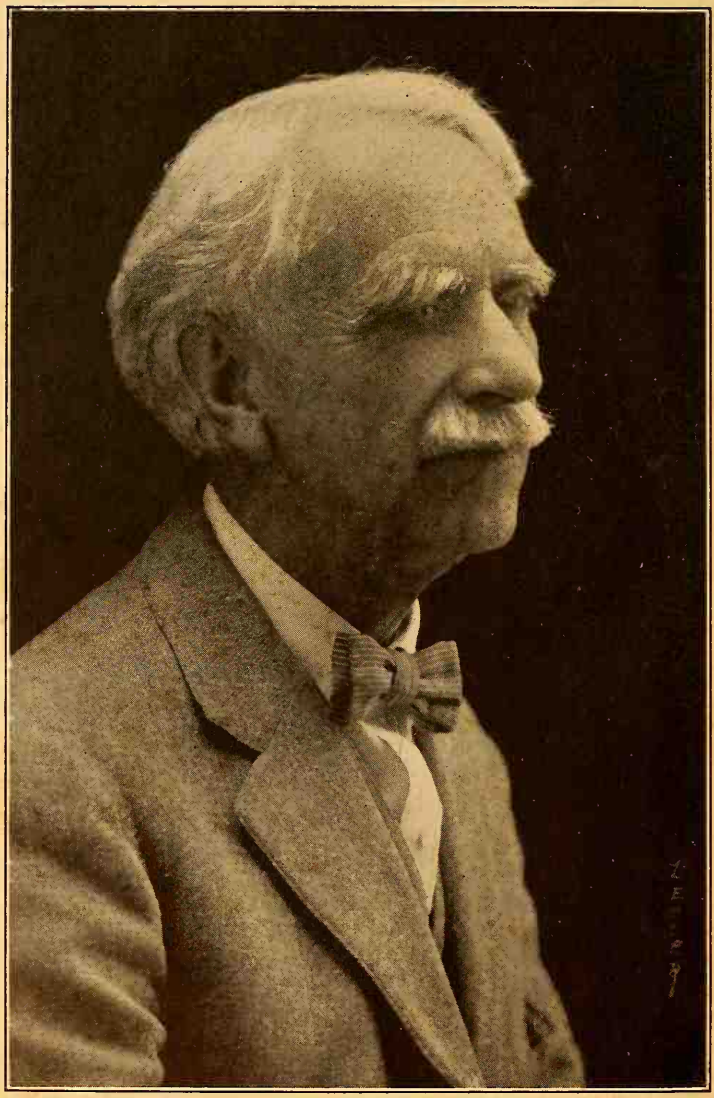

UNCLE SI AND OTHERS

— By —

FRED M. ALLEN

Author of
Uncle Si's Philosophy
You and I and Uncle Si

MCMXXIX

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By Fred M. Allen

FOREWORD

A year ago I published a book of verse, and much to my surprise and gratification, they were soon all sold, and there have been frequent calls for more that I could not fill.

It has been a great pleasure to me to be told, as I have been by several persons, that my little book has brought cheer and encouragement to the down-hearted, sick, and discontented, and if this is so, why shouldn't I publish another book?

If a blind man with a joyous and thankful heart can bring cheer and happiness to others, there is much for which he can live and work.

Cheerily yours,

FRED M. ALLEN.

Mansfield, Pa.

STOP ME

When Jim came home at three o'clock
One morning in the fall,
His wife came out in her night-gown,
And met him in the hall:
"This is a pretty time of night
For you to wander in;
Now, what excuse have you to give;
Just tell me where you've been."

And Jim replied with cheerful grin:
As he approached his door:
"Don't hesitate to stop me, if
You've heard this one before."

THE PESSIMIST

'Tis said the Pessimist is one
Who never takes a chance,
But wears suspenders, and a belt
On every pair of pants,
And even then, to make things safe,
And set his nerves at rest,
A safety pin he carries in
The pocket of his vest.

To such an one, this book might prove
An optimistic snare,
For it's intended to dismiss
All worriment and care.
It is a song in many keys,
And all may take a part,
And join the song of happiness
That wells up from the heart.

THE GOOD PROVIDER

She leaned against the backyard fence,
Her colored kid beside 'er;
Her neighbor asked: "Is Mr. Brown
A fairly good provider?"
And right away she made reply:
"He surely is, Miss Snydah;
Ah nebber seen anoder coon
Was such a good providah."

"He sais he's gwine to buy me cloes,
Provide he gets de money,
An' he is goin' to git dat, too,
Provide he earns it, honey.
An' he is gwine to git dat, too,
Provide a job engages,
Provide he laiks de job he gits,
Provide he gits good wages."

"He's gwine to buy me furnichur
Provide he kin affoad it,
Provide Ah takes in washin', too,
Provide Ah pays some tow'rds it.
Oh, yas, Ah's got to own it up,
Kase you has ast, Miss Snydah,
Dat man ob mine most shuahly is
A wonnerful providah."

THE BOOMERANG

Travelers tell us that certain tribes in Africa use a weapon called the boomerang. It is a wooden instrument, so shaped that when thrown at an object, it will, after accomplishing its purpose, bound back to the hand of the thrower. Sometimes, it does not bound back to the hand, as in the following case.

The savage threw his boomerang
At something that he saw,
When suddenly it bounded back
And whanged him on the jaw.
Now, if you want to throw a bluff,
Because you're full of bile,
If you will read this little tale,
Perhaps you'll wait a while.

Now, we sometimes get a notion
That what we have to do
Is harder than the other jobs,
And more important, too;
But, if we will investigate,
We certainly will find
Some things about the other jobs
That often change the mind.

When Farmer Green came in at noon
As hungry as a bear,
And found the table wasn't set,
He certainly did swear.
He said he couldn't see the use
Of getting so behind,
And told his wife that she was slack,
And other things unkind.

Now, all this time, good Mrs. Green
Was hustling to and fro,
And suddenly called out to him:
"Your dinner's ready, Joe;
Why, Joe, you haven't washed yourself,
I really hate to scold,
But, if you do not hurry up,
Our dinner will get cold."

But Farmer Green, though some abashed,
Was much like other men,
And when he at the table sat,
Began his plaint again;
"I wish I had a snap like yours
To dawdle 'round all day,
Compared to what I have to do,
It's just the merest play."

"Well, Joe," his wife calmly replied:
"Why don't you take a day,
And show me how to do my work,
And have a little play,
And I will try to do your work,
The very best I can,
Though it will not be very good,
Because I am not a man."

"You're on," cried Farmer Green with glee;
"We'll start tomorrow morn,
And I will do your little tasks
And you shall hoe my corn.
I'll show you how to do your tasks
In such a simple way,
That you will readily admit
They're just the merest play."

Now Mrs. Green was quite content
To change her work with Joe,
She thought that he might learn some things
That now he didn't know,
But, still, she thought it only fair
To tell him what she'd planned
To do between the morrow's suns,
That he might understand.

"I'll tell you, Joe," she said to him:
"Just what you'll have to do,
Though how you're going to manage it,
Of course, is up to you."
But Joe replied with confidence
And his sarcastic smile,
"Oh don't you give a thought to me
I'll do it up in style."

"Well, first, you'll build the kitchen fire;
That won't be much for you,
You'll have to split the kindling wood,
That's what I have to do.
Sometimes, my husband brings it in,
All dry and nicely split,
Before he goes to bed at night
If he remembers it.

"And then you'll get the breakfast next;
Eggs, buckwheat cakes, and ham;
A pot of boiling coffee, too,
A jar of berry jam;
And, when you've washed the dishes, Joe,
And scrubbed the kitchen sink,
You'll feed the hens, and turkeys, too,
And give the calves their drink.

"You'll have to nurse the baby, Joe;
That's what I have to do,
Though how you're going to manage it,
Of course, is up to you.
You'll have to wash the baby's things,
And hang them on the line,
And get the children off to school,
And school begins at nine.

"And when the children both are off,
There'll be the beds to make,
And, then, tomorrow is the day
A batch of bread to bake.
You'll have to keep your fire up
To bake that batch of bread,
And, if there's no wood in the box,
There's plenty in the shed.

"You'll have to feed those little chicks
And weed the onion bed,
And keep a watch upon the fire
To bake that batch of bread,
And all the time, you'll want to plan
On what you will prepare
For dinner, for, of course, I'll be
As hungry as a bear.

"And, if the baby should wake up,
Which he is apt to do,
And, if he yells, why then, of course.
You'll know what's up to you.
And, now you'll have to test the bread
To see if it is done,
Of course, you'll know just what to do,
It is such awful fun.

"Meantime, the dinner will be planned,
And on the stove to cook,
And when you have the table set,
You then might read a book,
Unless by looking at the clock,
You are surprised to find
That it is getting very late,
And you can't get behind.

"Of course, you'll know just what to do,
That's what you said to me,
So, when I come in from the fields,
I'll have a chance to see
Just how you go about it, Joe,
To make it seem like play,
And then the work that I have done
Will have been made to pay.

"And, when we finish dinner, and
The dishes put away,
And I have gone back to your work,
And you take up my play,
There'll be the darning to be done,
The children's clothes to mend,
And, then, of course, there'll always be
The baby boy to tend.

"And then," but Green had raised his hand:
"My dear, that's quite enough;
I know when I've been beaten,
And you sure have called my bluff.
I know that I have been a brute
In saying that you shirk,
So, if you'll let me kiss you, dear,
I'll go back to my work."

The savage threw his boomerang
At something he had seen,
And suddenly it bounded back
And whanged him on the bean.
Now, if you want to throw a bluff,
Be sure you know the facts.
For, it may bound and get you.
Where the rooster got the axe.

FLU

Saint Peter sat within the gate,
Amanda hovered near;
But she was shivering with the cold,
And looking 'round in fear.
"Why Mandy," good Saint Peter said,
"Can this be really true;
How did you come to get here, dear?"
And Mandy answered, "Flu."

WHOSE DOG

As Bill was walking down the street,
A dog ran on ahead;
A car came by and struck that dog,
And stretched him flat and dead.
The driver stopped his car at once,
And when old Bill came up:
"I'm sorry, sir, I killed your dog,
He seemed a likely pup."

And Bill replied most thoughtfully:
"He sure was what you say
A very likely pup, indeed;
To get in people's way."
"Well, then," returned the other man,
"Would you regard it fair
To take this new five dollar bill,
And call the whole thing square?"

And Bill replied most cheerfully:
"Sure, that's all right with me."
The five changed hands; the car drove off;
Bill leaned against a tree.
He viewed the dog; he felt the bill;
Then said: "This is my 'dough,'
But who's the owner of that dog,
I really do not know."

MY FLOCK

When I was young, Hope filled my breast
With thoughts that I could choose the best
Of all the good life had to give
That made it seem worth while to live.
I thought, with the conceit of youth,
That I already new the truth;
That I could take all things I would,
Because the way I understood.

I viewed them as a flock of sheep
That I could surely take and keep;
That, I their shepherd, had the skill
To make them follow at my will.
A goodly flock they seemed to me
As anyone would care to see;
A flock that seemed to me so tame
That to each one I gave a name.

This one was Pleasure; this was Health,
These two were Luxury and Wealth;
And Fame and Honor seemed to be
Just waiting at the gate for me.
Friendship, Love and Social Station;
Wisdom and Great Reputation;
It seemed a splendid flock of sheep
That I was going to take and keep.

Some of these sheep were very shy,
And would not heed my loudest cry:
Fame, Honor, Luxury, and Wealth
Passed by with such exceeding stealth
That I could only see their tails.
Like far-off disappearing sails
Of ships that never came in view
To make my youthful dreams come true.

But still I have within my fold
Four goodly sheep to have and hold:
Love, Friendship, Happiness and Health.
More precious far than fame or wealth;
And Wisdom cries outside the fence:
"At last you've captured Common-sense,
And, if I don't go far away,
Perhaps you'll capture me some day."

MY OLD FRIEND W. B.

No, he wasn't very handsome,
His English wasn't good,
He didn't wear the latest styles;
He wouldn't if he could.
He took life rather easily,
So far as people knew,
But everybody loved him
For his cheery "How-de-do."

Though he wasn't very pious,
He sometimes went to church,
Worse men could easily be found
With very little search.
His habits were not always good,
He surely had a few,
But everybody liked to hear
His cheery "How-de-do."

Although he had a lot of faults,
He had a lot of friends,
And somehow I'm inclined to feel
That helps to make amends.
For when Life's sky was dark with clouds,
It made the sun shine through,
Just to hear that old friend calling:
"Hello, there, how-de-do."

I do not know where he has gone,
For he is here no more,
I do not know if we shall meet
Upon some far-off shore;
But this I know that here on earth
Among things good and true,
I loved that greeting of my friend:
"Hello, there, how-de-do."

MARY'S LITTLE TROUT

Mary had a little trout,
She kept it in the spring,
And every morning to her trout
Some angleworms she'd bring.

At last that trout became so tame,
It jumped out on the ground,
And everywhere that Mary went
That trout would there be found.

It followed her to school one day,
It was against the rule,
It made the children want to fish
To see a trout in school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near
Until the children were dismissed,
And Mary did appear.

And then they set off down the road
To Mary's father's farm,
Without a thought of accident
Without a thought of harm.

But, when they reached a little bridge,
Just at the edge of town,
That trout fell through a rotten plank
And in the creek was drowned.

HE COULDN'T KEEP IT DOWN

When Mike had been across the pond
Perhaps a month or more,
He saw some people eating things
He never saw before,
And though they seemed to relish them,
He knew not what they were,
And so he called the waiter girl,
And put it up to her.

"Raw oysters," Mary made reply
And so our puzzled Mike
Gave in an order for a few
To see what they were like.
But, when they came, he tried to do
What other folks had done,
But, couldn't for the life of him
Keep down a single one.

And so again he called the girl:
"I haven't ate thim none;
Jest sit ye down beside me, lass,
And ate that little one."
And so the girl the oyster fixed,
And down her throat it slid,
And Mike, he watched with eager eyes
To see what else she did.

"An' did ye raly kape it down,"
He cried in great surprise,
As though 'twas such a wondrous feat,
He couldn't trust his eyes.
"Well, thin, my dear, ye surely air
The smartest gal in town;
I swallowed that same eyester twice,
But couldn't kape it down."

GOOD HEARING

One day, two brothers, Jim and John,
Stood on a distant hill,
Jim somewhat deaf; John somewhat blind,
But both were active still.
Said Jim to John: "When one is deaf
It surely is a bore
But still one sees some funny things
He never saw before.

"Now, though you won't believe me, John,
I'm telling you no lie,
Upon that church spire five miles off,
I see a little fly."
"Oh, yes, I know that you are right,"
Said John with wonted pep.
"I know that you can see that fly,
For I can hear him step."

UNCLE SI AND THE PACIFIST

I met a chap the other day
A-hollerin' fer peace.
He said thet war must be "outlawed,"
An' all contention cease.
Thet we must sink our great warships,
An' throw our guns away;
An' then we all could go to sleep,
When we had hit the hay.

"Why, yes," sez I, "I'm strong fer peace,
But let me git this clear;
You see, I'm what you call a Hick,
A little thick, I fear.
Is this the kind of peace you mean,
When one is very weak,
If someone smites him on the jaw,
Just turn the other cheek?

"Er if some feller comes along
An' grabs my flock of geese,
Why, I'm to hand him out my ducks,
If thet will keep the peace?
Fer if I ain't ez soft ez thet,
I will at any rate,
Instead of fightin' fer my geese
I'll try to arbitrate.

"An when our nation helpless lays,
A war fleet New York sacks;
The President kin only say:
'Why, thet's agin the pact.'
An' if they didn't like thet talk,
It might be like my geese,
We'd hev to throw in Buffalo
So we could keep the peace.

"Oh, War is goin' to be outlawed
All nations will agree;
But s'pose a nation breaks thet law,
What is the penalty?
What's thet, thar ain't no penalty?
Why, what's thet Peace Pact fer,
If thar ain't any punishment,
How kin we outlaw war?

"Why, say, if that's the kind o' bunk
Yer tryin' to put across,
Jes' look along my back and see
If you kin find some moss.
If any nation goes to war
The rest kin shake a fist,
An' tell the culprit he is bad,
An' slap him on the wrist.

MY FLOCK

When I was young, Hope filled my breast
With thoughts that I could choose the best
Of all the good life had to give
That made it seem worth while to live.
I thought, with the conceit of youth,
That I already new the truth;
That I could take all things I would,
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So far as people knew,
But everybody loved him
For his cheery "How-de-do."

The Democrats cry: "Turn 'em out,
And send them straight to jail;
'Tis time we had a chance to get
A little of that kale."
And Coolidge thinks two White Houses
Would be a lot of fun;
Al Smith would be quite satisfied
To occupy but one.

SUMMER NIGHTS

When evening shadows settle down
On mountain, valley, farm and town,
And sounds of labor fade away
As does the light from dying day,
Then rest and peace come gliding in
To take the place of toil and din,
And care and worry steal away
Into the shadows soft and gray.

And then the easy chairs are drawn
Out to the porch or smooth-cut lawn
To find, if possible, the breeze
That seems to stir the tall elm trees;
The older folks content with rest,
While youth recalls with eager zest
The many hap'nings of the day,
At school, at work, and childhood's play.

The baseball game on Saturday,
And where the boys were going to play;
Some joke about the spelling class,
And what boy broke the teacher's glass.
The bargain sales at Rockwell's store;
The accident to Reverend Moore,
And that the new chap, Henry White,
Went home with Fanny, Sunday night.

And from the homes along the street
There come young voices, gay and sweet:
A snatch of song; a merry cry
To some acquaintance passing by;
A "how-de-do," a girlish trill,
Then, for a time, the night is still,
Except from far away the sound
Of whip-poor-will, or baying hound.

Then Mother calls to Jane, and Fred:
"It's time for chicks to be in bed,"
And though they plead: "It's only eight,"
She firmly answers: "That's too late."
And so they scamper up the stairs;
With call to Mother: "Hear our prayers?"
And Grandpa softly slips away,
As Richard says, "To hit the hay."

"You say they all will scrap their ships,
If we will scrap ours, too;
You surely are an easy mark
If you believe thet's true.
Fer I've studied foreign nations
Since I wuz twenty-one;
I'd have to see them sink 'em
Before I'd b'lieve 'twas done.

"I can't fergit them treaties, Bo,
Thet they hez broke before;
Just called 'em 'Scraps of paper,'
Real easy to be tore.
I ain't afeard to bet this hoss
Thet some o' 'em, right now,
Is makin' pizens, planes an' guns
To sometime start a row.

"Disarmament does not mean peace,
Nor self-defense mean fight;
An' strength is not a sign of wrong,
Nor weakness sign of right.
How many boys might be alive,
Their homes to cheer and bless,
Had we not made the great mistake
Of unpreparedness?

"When we kin fire our perlice,
An' don't need jails no more;
An' stores is left unlocked at night,
An' watchmen jes' a bore;
When poultry houses hev no locks,
An' banks require no vaults;
An' all the crooks is turned to saints,
An' mankind hez no faults.

"When no one locks his home at night,
Ner when he goes away,
Bekase he knows all will be safe
Till he comes back some day;
An' when our President kin go
Beyond the White House yard,
An' feel thet he is really safe
Without a body-guard.

"When we kin trust our own home folks
With life an' property;
When promises they make to us
We trust implicity,
We then kin throw our guns away
An' give up our defense,
But till thet happy day arrives,
Let's use our common-sense."

GOING OF WINTER

(By City Man)

Oh, the days are growing longer,
And the sun is getting stronger
And the streets are full of melting ice and snow,
And the gutters overflowing,
Show that winter must be going,
And I certainly am glad to see it go.

Oh, I hate those blasts that get you
Where you live, and will not let you
Have a bit of comfort when you're on the street,
For that cruel blast that freezes,
Bringing colds, and such diseases,
Is a thing that no one ever cares to meet.

And my coal is sinking lower
And collections getting slower,
And I hope that soon a change will really come,
That will ease the situation
For the present generation,
And I think the warmer weather will help some.

Old winter, keep on going
Where they like to see you snowing
Or I soon will have to pawn my overcoat;
Oh, I hate your cold and freezing,
Constant sniffling and sneezing,
I confess that winter always gets my goat.

THE FIVE DOLLAR KISS

When Vanderbilt came home at night
His mind was full of strife;
He had a horrid happening
To tell his loving wife;
He was inclined to wait a while
But knew that it was best,
To tell that horrid happening
And get it off his chest.

So, when they at the table sat
He blurted out at once:
"My dear, I must confess to you
I've been an awful dunce.
I tried to play the market and
I lost a lot of cash;
The castles that I dreamed about
Have simply gone to smash.

"Why, William," said his loving wife,
"Don't let that worry you,"
And rising from her dining chair,
She up the stairway flew;
And when she came back to the room,
She handed him a box
That he had always thought the place
She kept his undarned socks.

And, when he took the cover off,
The sight that met his eyes
Was stacks and stacks of U. S. bills,
And everyone a five.
"Why, what is this?" William exclaimed;
"Where did you get it, dear?
It looks to me that there must be
At least five hundred here."

"Well, Will," the smiling wife replied,
"Way back in ninety-two,
You told me every kiss I gave
Was worth a five to you.
So, every time I gave you one,
I put a five away
So there would be some cash to use
Upon a rainy day."

"That's very fine," said Vanderbilt.
"You sure have saved the day,
And also used that 'bean' of yours
To make your kisses pay."
And then he whispered to himself,
While scratching his bald dome,
"Oh, what a fool I haven't done
My kissing all at home."

THE TWO WHITE HOUSES

It is funny how folks differ
In things both great and small,
Some things that you like very well,
I wouldn't like at all.
Ben Franklin advocated thrift;
"Save for a rainy day,"
While Henry Ford, with all his wealth,
Says: "Go it while you may."

Some singers use the tremolo
That spoils the words and key,
But I confess the pure voice kind
Is good enough for me.
While flappers want a scanty skirt
Somewhere above the knees,
A longer one, and less of show,
Would many fathers please.

Some folks want peace at any price,
They are so good, and meek,
That should a Nation slap our face,
They'd turn the other cheek;
And some of us are strong for peace
With adequate defense
To guard our homes, and those we love;
A peace of common-sense.

The Democrats cry: "Turn 'em out,
And send them straight to jail;
'Tis time we had a chance to get
A little of that kale."
And Coolidge thinks two White Houses
Would be a lot of fun;
Al Smith would be quite satisfied
To occupy but one.

A PARTNERSHIP

A frugal Scotchman and his wife,
His name was Sandy Brandt,
Were having just a bit of lunch
Within a restaurant.
He ordered up two sandwiches,
They cost him twenty cents;
His wife was quite surprised that he
Should go to such expense.

The waiter noticed that the man
Appeared to hesitate,
And didn't touch the sandwich that
Was lying on his plate.
But when he asked him what was wrong,
This native of the heath,
Replied: "I'm waiting till my wife
Has finished with our teeth."

THET OL' HOSS, JOE

By Uncle Si

Yes, thet's the same ol' hoss, Jim,
We used to ride behind,
When we wuz young an' gay, Jim,
An' health an' years wuz kind.
He's standin' by the paster bars,
An' lookin' out this way,
I reckin he must know you, Jim,
If you be ol' an' gray.

I guess he'd call yer name, Jim,
An' say: "How do ye do,"
If he could only speak, Jim,
Ez plain ez me an' you.
My nabors say thet I'm a simp
Thet I don't shoot ol' Joe;
They say thet he's too ol' to work,
Which I already know.

But when it comes to me, Jim,
The work thet hoss hez done,
An' how behind thet hoss, Jim,
We hed such lots o' fun,
I vow ol' Joe is goin to live,
An' git the best o' care,
Fer be it man er animal,
I try to treat 'em square.

THE GIRL WHO KNOWS IT ALL

There's bound to come a time, my girl,
(I cannot tell how soon),
When life's bright morn will change for you
To waning afternoon,
When you will take your Mother's place
And feel the bitter gall
That always comes to Mothers from
The girl who knows it all.

Your daughter, like yourself, may have
Advantages so great,
That mother seems quite ignorant,
And never up-to-date.
And though, as mother, you are proud,
Your daughter is so smart,
The cruel way she checks you up,
Will cause an aching heart.

Perhaps the cares of motherhood
Will sometimes interfere
With many little niceties,
That once you thought so dear.
Perhaps your English, too, will slip
And you may break some rule
That now you think you'll surely keep
When you have quitted school.

Now, if your daughter sneers at you
With mean, sarcastic tongue,
Remember you did just the same
When you were fresh and young.
And, sometimes if your heart grows sore.
Perhaps you will recall
That you were just as heartless when
A girl and knew it all.

TAFFY

There's nothing quite so good to hear
As honest commendation;
It warms the cockles of the heart,
And stimulates ambition.
From childhood on to ripe old age
We love to hear those phrases
Fall from the lips of those who know,
When best to render praises.

We all like taffy, now and then,
Whatever be our station,
It pleases everybody's taste,
In every land and nation.
It makes our work a joyous thing,
A thing that once we hated.
It gives importance to the tasks
That once we underrated.

Of course, we want the purest stuff
Without adulteration;
And not a lot of honeyed lies,
Trumped up for the occasion.
For, if we feel 'tis genuine,
And not a lot of patter,
We strive to do our very best
To verify the matter.

It doesn't matter very much
Our previous condition,
A little taffy always helps
To stimulate ambition.
So, if we find something to praise,
Let's step right up and do it,
'Twill help to make the wheels go 'round
And we will never rue it.

VOICES

Yes, I listen, listen, listen,
Wherever I may go,
To voices, that I may, through them
My friends and neighbors know.
Some voices I tell instantly,
While others puzzle me,
Just as the faces half concealed
Intrigue the folks who see.

Sometimes, it is a singer's voice
In church, or on the stage,
Sometimes, it is a chuckling laugh
That all my wits engage.
Sometimes, an old man's quavering tone,
Sometimes a kiddie's voice,
And I strain my ears to listen,—
I have no other choice.

Some voices, I hear every day
And some but once a year,
And some come to me in my dreams
When no one else can hear.
And one of these comes back to me
Across the unknown sea;
Oh, how I long to hear the words,
I know she has for me.

And, when some day, I hear the call
That all of us must hear,
If I can recognize His voice,
I'll have no cause for fear;
And then, perhaps, when I have reached
That far-off, unknown shore,
I'll have my sight, and I shall see
My loved one's face once more.

UNCLE SI TALKS TO HIS BOY

Now, don't you get the idee, son,
Bekase I'm gittin' old,
I'm in my second childhood an'
My wits is gittin' cold.
Sicology is mud to me,
Don't seem to fit my style;
But, when it comes to good hoss sense,
I got you beat a mile.

You say you never wear no hat
When you to college go,
That, if you did, the other boys
Would say thet you wuz slow.
But, say, my boy, when I wuz young,
Suppose you get this pat,
If any feller had some brains,
They'd show right through his hat.

An' if you don't wear any hat
Out here on this here farm,
The woodpeckers will tap yer nut,
An' might do you some harm.
I thought a feller went to school
To get some knowledge there,
An' not to try his level best
To git dirt in his hair.

An' what's the matter with yer socks,
They're allus hangin' down?
Is thet another o' them stunts
In thet thar college town?
The place I thought to be a school
A bughouse seems to be,
Filled up with silly doodle-bugs
So far ez I can see.

You think thet I'm ol' fashion, boy,
Bekase I hate to see
A feller lookin' like a tramp,
Thet ain't no need to be.
A feller's pride should make him look
The very best he may;
Then, if he gits some good hoss sense,
He'll be a man, some day.

LIONS

'Twas just a common country store,
And kept by Mr. Brown,
The kind that one will always find
In any little town;
And gathered 'round the stove within
A group of farmers sat,
Discussing crops, and politics,
And smoked, and chewed, and spat.

Two of the group had traveled some,
And liked to tell about
The things they claimed that they had seen;
You've met the kind, no doubt.
That day they told the worst of tales
That they had yet conceived,
But not one of their listeners
Their foolish lies believed.

And, finally, one of them told
That he had slept one night
Upon the ground, and just about
The time that it was light,
He woke, and there close to his bed
There stood a mammoth bear.
"I sprang," he said, "and seized my gun,
And shot him through the head."

There was a silence for a while,
And then good Deacon Bell
Said that he had a close call once
That he would like to tell.
He said that he had gone to sleep
One day in early June,
Beneath a smallish apple tree,
That he'd been sent to prune.

"And when I woke, there at my head,
Two yellow lions stood,
And glared at me with hungry looks,
As only lions could.
I sprang, and grabbed my pruning knife,
And with a mighty bound,
I cut off both those lions heads,
Before they made a sound."

There was a gasp of great surprise,
For no one could conceive
That Deacon Bell could tell a tale
That no one could believe.
The other chap who told the tale
About the mammoth bear,
Thought he could queer the Deacon's tale,
And in the laughter share.

"Well, Deacon," said the traveler,
With something like a sneer,
"What kind of lions are there, sir,
That one encounters here."
"Well, now," the Deacon made reply,
"I'll tell you, Mr. Bryons,
The Lions that I met that day
Were common dandelons."

THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF DREAMS

'Tis a beautiful valley, the valley of dreams,
Far away from the mountain of care,
'Neath sunny-blue skies, 'tis there that it lies;
No other was ever so fair.
And the aged one sighs for this home of his
youth,
With its sunshine, its hills and its streams;
To live there once more, the dear days of yore
In the beautiful valley of dreams.

'Tis a beautiful valley, this valley of dreams,
Where the world-weary toiler may rest;
Where the wild roses grow, and sweet breezes
blow,
And contentment holds sway in the breast.
Tho' old scenes have passed and old friends
have gone,
Fond memories their absence redeem;
For faces remain, and scenes come again,
In the beautiful valley of dreams.

'Tis a beautiful valley, this valley of dreams,
Where the weary one casts down his load;
A haven of peace, where buffetings cease,
At the end of the home-coming road.
Oh, how happy our lot when the twilight of life
Puts an end to our worries and schemes,
And leaves us at last to dream of the past,
In the beautiful valley of dreams.

I can hear his anvil ringing
In his shop across the way,
From the early hours of morning
To the closing hours of day;
And the music of that anvil
Is a pleasant sound to hear.
'Tis a song of honest labor
Full of melody and cheer.

And the children of the village
Gather 'round the open door,
That they may watch the fiery sparks
Flying off across the floor;
And the smiling blacksmith greets them
With some banter, now and then,
As he turns to blow the bellows
That his iron may heat again.

Then the children hear the school bell
And go laughing up the street,
A village merchant enters
With a broken wagon seat;
And the doctor stops his auto
For a little needed cheer.
If he doesn't get it elsewhere,
He is sure to get it here.

Then a farmer brings his horses
That their shoes may be re-set,
And politics is soon brought up
And contended, dry or wet.
But the anvil keeps on ringing
'Neath the sturdy blacksmith's blows
And he laughs at the contenders
As discussion warmer grows.

Now again the shop is empty
As these people go their way,
But the hammer and the anvil
Still their merry measure play;
And the jolly, smiling blacksmith
Waves his hammer in reply,
To some call of friendly greeting
From the frequent passers by.

I can hear that anvil ringing
In the shop across the street,
I can hear the blacksmith whistle,
I can hear his hammer beat;
And no musical ensemble
Is more pleasant to my ear,
Than that hammer and that anvil,
And that whistle of good cheer.

THAT'S MY BOY

Don't you hear that merry whistle
On the air,
Light, and free as down on thistle,
Not a care;
Don't you hear it coming nearer,
Oh, what joy!
Nearer, nearer, sweeter, clearer—
That's my boy.

Don't you hear that boyish singing
Down the street?
Setting all the echoes ringing,
Clear and sweet.
Yes, I know it's full of static,
But what joy.
No, it's nothing operatic—
Just my boy.

Don't you hear that kiddie shouting
To his chum?
All the rules of quiet scouting,
Says they're dumb;
Now he's croaking like a starling,
But what joy;
For he's just his mother's darling,
Jamie boy.

Yes, he makes an awful racket.
Neighbors say
That I ought to dust his jacket
Every day;
But to them he's just another
To annoy:
While to me, his loving mother,
Jamie boy.

Now, I hear his footsteps coming
To the door,
And a merry tune he's humming
As before;
Now, I hear him calling "Mother"!
Oh, What joy!
Never was there such another
As my boy.

STAND BACK

"Why, Jackie, I'm ashamed of you,"
Said Mrs. William Herst,
"If you should eat another piece,
You certainly would burst."
There was a momentary pause,
And then said little Jack:
"Give me that other piece of pie,
And everyone stand back."

OLD FRIEND OF MINE

I long to meet you as of yore,
Old friend of mine;
And take you by the hand once more,
Old friend of mine.
To know that it is really you,
In youth so good, so kind, so true,
Old friend of mine.

Yes, I would take you by the hand,
Old friend of mine;
And try to make you understand,
Old friend of mine,
That though long years have passed away,
I prize your friendship now today,
Old friend of mine.

I long to look into your face,
Old friend of mine,
And see if in it I could trace,
Old friend of mine,
The friendship that I once could see
Was written on that face for me,
Old friend of mine.

I long to look into your eyes,
Old friend of mine,
And see if in their depth there lies,
Old friend of mine,
That sincere trust and loyalty.
That once I knew you had for me,
Old friend of mine.

I wonder if with me you sigh,
Old friend of mine,
For those old days so long gone by,
Old friend of mine.
When there was naught of grief and care
And every day was bright and fair,
Old friend of mine.

The years may come, the years may go,
Old friend of mine,
How many more we do not know,
Old friend of mine.
But there will always be a place
In my old heart for your dear face,
Old friend of mine.

I'M ALWAYS BOY TO MOTHER

I've made a half century run,
I'm fifty-one today,
Old Time has wrinkled up my face,
And turned my hair to gray.
"No boy," you say. I know that, sir;
But, oh, there is another,
Whose love will ever keep me young;
I'm always boy to Mother.

Sometimes I go back to the home
Where this dear Mother lives,
And then I realize the joy,
That my home-coming gives,
For Mother meets me at the door,
And greets me as no other,
I may be old to you, sir, but
I'm always boy to Mother.

And when the greetings all are o'er,
I'm to the table led,
And Mother, smiling as of yore,
Gets out the milk and bread;
She takes no heed of passing time,
In me she sees no other
Than he who played about her knee;
I'm always boy to Mother.

And when I find that I must go
Back to the world of men,
She kisses me, and always says,
"My boy, come back again."
Ah, age may put its marks on me,
And years speed by each other,
And still I'm young in her dear eyes;
I'm always boy to Mother.

THE BIGAMIST

Young Brown met Dobbin on the street
One pleasant summer day.
They had not met for many months
For Dob had been away.
They talked about the many things
That interest young folks,
A lot of stories, too, they told
And many funny jokes,
And finally, young Brown exclaimed:
"How strange some things in life,
My father finds that now he must
Support another wife."
"A bigamist," his friend returned,
"That sure is not his line."
"Oh, No!" said Brown, with cheerful grin,
"The other wife is mine."

AN HONEST DAY'S WORK

Here's to the man, and the woman, too,
Who will do an honest day's work;
Whatever the pay, by the piece or the day,
He holds it dishonest to shirk.
Here's to the man, and the woman, too,
Who always refuses to steal,
Be it money, or time, an hour or a dime,
In a job, a sale, or a deal.

Here's to the man, and the woman, too,
Who holds it dishonest to lag,
And when all others shirk, he sticks to his work,
However the long hours may drag.
Here's to the man, and the woman, too,
Who makes it a matter of pride
To always be square, though the boss be not there,
With nothing dishonest to hide.

Here's to the man, and the woman, too,
Who so values his self-respect
That he does his full share, and more than is fair,
Though others their duties neglect.
Here's to the man, and the woman, too,
Who on seeking his rest at night,
Can quite honestly say: "I've tried all this day
To do what I thought to be right."

A SMELL OF THE NEW MOWN HAY

Before he went—

I want to go to the country
About this time of year.
I want to smell the new-mown hay
And list to chanticleer.
I want to lie in the orchard,
And hear the robin's song,
And watch the fleecy clouds above
Float lazily along.

I want to dream in the twilight
And hear the night birds call,
I want to lie in the attic
And hear the rain drops fall.
I want green stuff from the garden,
And fresh eggs from the nest,
And sweet, thick cream for my berries,
And coffee of the best.

After he came back—

Well, I have been to the country
And smelt the new-mown hay,
And a week was what I paid for,
I stayed one night and day.
I tried to lie in the orchard
But couldn't find a spot
That didn't swarm with bugs and flies,
And wasn't awful hot.

I tried to dream in the twilight.
Mosquitoes sought my gore,
And when I went upstairs to bed
I found a million more.
When I tried to sleep at daylight,
A sore and tortured wreck,
And chanticleer began to crow,
I longed to wring his neck.

And they served me eggs for breakfast,
A grocer wouldn't buy,
And a drink they said was coffee,
It seemed to me like lye.
They took the green stuff out of cans,
The milk had gone astray,
But, after all, you see I got
That smell of new-mown hay.

COME HOME

Now, he had telegraphed his wife:
"I got one in the lake,
It weighed at least seven pounds, or more;
A beaut, and no mistake."
Then came this wire from his wire:
"And I have got one, too;
It weighs ten pounds; is not a beaut,
It looks too much like you.
COME HOME."

JESUS WEPT

'Twas a day of great rejoicing
In far-off Palestine,
For the King so long predicted,
And born of David's line,
Was coming to Jerusalem,
So sped the joyful news,
To overturn the Roman rule
And liberate the Jews.

Along the way from Bethany
A strange procession came,
With shoutings, songs, and waving palms,
Devotion to acclaim,
For hither came the Conqueror
To claim his rightful throne,
And branches of the royal palm
Were in his pathway strewn.

He came not in the panoply
That warriors always wore,
But simply clothed, and on a colt
That none had sat before.
No soldiers followed in His train
No sword, or lance, or spear;
For He who raised the dead to life,
No living man need fear.

And as they turned Mount Olivet,
Full in the sun's bright rays,
The splendors of Jerusalem
Spread out before their gaze;
And Jewish pride in this great place
On every face was shown.
For now they came, the conquerors,
To make it all their own.

'Twas the city of the Temple,
The boast of Palestine,
With pompous ceremonials,
And trappings rich and fine.
And then the splendid palaces,
And public buildings grand,
The many shops, and marts of trade
Were seen on every hand.

'Twas only this magnificence
That held the Jewish eye,
And sharpened his cupidity,
And made his hopes mount high.
But He, the King, that they proclaimed,
No splendor could beguile;
And what He saw from Olivet,
Was monstrous, rank and vile.

He saw that sacred edifice
For prayer and sacrifice,
A place of priestly hypocrites,
A very den of vice.
He saw that sin was prevalent
In every other place,
That God's commands were long forgot
Among the populace.

'Twas a day of great rejoicing
And gay and joyous throngs
Marched on beside the conqueror,
And filled the air with songs.
But over Him whom they acclaimed
A wave of sadness swept,
For He foresaw the coming doom,
And seeing, Jesus wept.

THE HEART OF A BOY

Of course, he is old to count up the years,
And his hair is as white as the snow;
His voice is losing its natural tone,
And the wrinkles most everywhere show.
His movements are slow; he walks with a cane,
But his eyes always twinkle with joy;
Of course, he is old according to years,
But his heart is the heart of a boy.

He runs a foot-race, as other boys do,
And he swims in the creek every day;
He fishes, and hunts, as other boys do,
And he never forgets how to play.
And, while this only takes place in his mind,
You can see his eyes sparkle with joy.
Why, yes, he is old, according to years,
But his heart is the heart of a boy.

He feels his blood leap, when spring comes
along,
As the other boys do of his kind;
He runs up the street, his buddy to meet;
But, of course, it is all in his mind.
He feels the soft breeze, and smells the
damp earth,
And his old eyes just sparkle with joy;
He surely is old, according to years,
But his heart is the heart of a boy.

"He's not a success," old Money Bag says,
"For he hasn't a dollar to spare,
And yet you would think to hear him converse,
That he hadn't a worry or care."
What, not a success? Why that's a mistake,
He has garnered a soul full of joy;
For him life has been a hey-day of youth,
For God gave him the heart of a boy.

JAMIE AND THE HEN

Now, Jamie was a Scotchman true,
And saving of his kale;
He kept a little grocery
In little Avondale.
It wasn't far to New York town;
He bought at wholesale there,
But used the mails for buying goods,
To save the railroad fare.

But one time, Jamie broke his rule,
And to the city went,
But put up with an old time friend,
And very little spent.
The family was so nice to him,
He said at his last meal:
"I'm going to send a good fat hen
To show you how I feel."

The weeks went by, but no hen came;
They wondered what was wrong,
But, knowing Jamie's stinginess,
They didn't worry long.
And, then one day, a package came;
The charges were collect,
But what it was not one of them
Was able to detect.

But, when they took the wrappings off
To find what it could be,
There lay the poorest little hen
'Twas possible to see,
And on its breast a note was pinned:
"This hen I couldn't sell,
And so I send it on to you,
The other one got well."

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM, BOY

He was just a common mill hand
Who talked to John that day,
And from a city factory
Not many miles away,
And he had been a farmer's boy
Until the city's lure
Had so enthralled his being that
There was no hope of cure.

He dreamed about a life of ease,
Why toil upon the farm?
He dreamed of luxury and wealth,
The city's constant charm,
He saw himself a millionaire
With marble mansion grand,
Why should he stay upon the farm
With these at his command.

He found the city hard at heart,
His struggle fierce and grim,
To earn the food, his native soil
Would almost give to him,
With less of worry, work and care,
And naught of labor's strife,
Which in the city's boundaries
He found was always rife.

And now he came, an aged man,
Back to that hillside farm,
The lure had long since disappeared,
The city lost its charm,
And he was not a millionaire
As he had hoped to be.
The city had not given him
Its ease, and luxury.

And so he said to John that day:
"Don't leave the farm, my boy,
For here is liberty and health;
A life of peace and joy.
No city dweller, rich or poor,
So free from every harm,
No monarchy so absolute
As yours upon the farm.

"And no employer you must serve
To live in decency
No walking boss to threaten you
When you serve honestly.
No greedy firm can starve you to
Submit to their demands.
Out here the kind of life you lead
Remains in your own hands.

"So, don't you leave the farm, my boy,
For any city's lure,
To be a common laborer
Your living to secure.
You're living in a paradise
Compared to such a fate
As many other fools like me
Have found out, when too late."

THE CESSPOOL

I do not care to read, or hear,
Of things that are unclean:
The things that men and women do
Detestable and mean.
I do not care to fill my mind
With thoughts that leave a stain,
Nor lift the veil from some one's life
That fills my heart with pain.

I do not care to read about
The expose of crime,
Nor see some poor weak mortal's name
Dragged through the mud and slime.
Nor will I dip my pen in filth,
The clean, white page defile
With stories, verse, or narrative
Of nastiness and guile.

The world is filled with pleasant things
That one may see and hear;
So many things to tell about
That fill the heart with cheer;
So many pure and healthful springs
Where one may slake his thirst,
Why seek the foul, unhealthful pool
With slime and filth accursed.

Touch not the book of ill-repute
That tells of unclean acts
Of men and women lost to shame,
However true the facts.
The book itself, a cesspool is,
The foulest one could find,
Containing all the rotteness
Of a perverted mind.

SUN AND RAIN, SMILES AND TEARS

The sun and rain lie very close
With just a cloud between;
Today may be a day of sun;
Tomorrow wet and mean,
And then a steady wind may come
And drive the cloud away,
So that the sun may shine again
And bring a perfect day.

It seems to me that Nature's heart
Is full of joy and pain;
When joy is great, the sun will shine,
When pain is great, 'tis rain;
But Nature's God ordains them both,
That every seed of worth
Shall spring to life, and bear its fruit,
And fructify the earth.

So smiles and tears are very close;
So close their well-spring lies
That smiles may play about the lips
While tears suffuse the eyes.
A smiling face may sometimes hide
A heart that's filled with grief;
A shower of tears may sometimes bring
An aching heart relief.

And so our hearts, like Nature's heart,
Are full of joy, and pain;
Our smiles are like the bright sunshine;
Our tears like falling rain.
For God who sends the sun and rain
The earth to fructify,
Ordains to us the smiles and tears
Our souls to beautify.

PUZZLE

They sat upon the river bank,
And each one had a pole,
And hoped that they would catch some fish
From that good looking hole.
The rain was coming down in sheets
That wet them to the skin,
But they were two brave fishermen,
And never would give in.

Then Elmer he spoke up and said:
"It would be very queer,
With such a rain, we did not find
A lot of bull heads here."
Then Budd replied with gritted teeth,
And features drawn, and blue:
"If that is all you're looking for,
I know where there are two."

WHAT TOM SAID TO KITTY

"Say, Kitty, you must know by now
That I'm in love with you;
That there is nothing in the world
For you I wouldn't do.
I know I am not worthy, but,
I'll really try to be;
Now don't you think, my Kitty, dear,
That you could marry me?

"I have a good position and
It pays me very well;
The salary is large enough
So we could live quite swell.
Oh, Kitty, won't you marry me,
I cannot let you go;
I'll try to make you happy, dear,
Because I love you so."

WHAT KITTIE SAID TO TOM

"You tell me that you love me, Tom,
And while that may be true,
I wonder if we shouldn't see
Just what that means to you?
You say you want to marry me
Because you love me so,
So, then suppose we figure out
How far your love will go.

"Shall I in all your pleasures share,
And will you share in mine;
Will you in all my sorrows share,
As I must share in thine?
And evenings will you stay at home
That you may be with me,
Or take me out to something nice,
Where I would like to be?

"And will you try to pleasant be,
When troubles come our way;
And will you always live this love
That you profess today?
And do you promise to be true
As I am true to you
In thought, in deed, in everything
That you may say, or do?

"And, if I make a home for you,
Wherever we may be,
Will you go halvers with the cash,
Is that what you agree?
Now, go and think it over, Tom;
I put it up to you,
And, when you make me your reply,
I'll tell you what I'll do."

A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

Oh, yes, he's a jolly good fellow,
When out around town with the boys;
They say he's a regular josher,
And ready for any old noise.
He is always smiling, and pleasant,
And never is caught with a frown;
Oh, yes, he's a jolly good fellow,
When out with the boys around town.

And always quite free with his money
To help push a good time along,
And can tell a mighty good story,
And join with the boys in a song.
The girls say he's "awfully handsome;"
He squeezes their hands on the sly:
"Say, ain't it too bad he is married,"
The mushy ones say with a sigh.

At the store, he always is ready
To do all the favors he can;
In town, he is chatty, and pleasant,
A likeable sort of a man.
At home? Well, there it is different;
He leaves all his jolly down town,
And greets all his wife's fond attentions
With either a sneer or a frown.

He sneers at the duties she mentions
As having accomplished that day.
Compared to the things he's put over,
They're only the merest child's play.
He growls at the food on the table,
Though served at the hands of his wife,
But he'll eat hot dogs by the roadside
In dust you could cut with a knife.

"Great Scott, but those children are noisy,
Their racket goes right through my head;
Why don't you do as I tell you,
And hustle those kids off to bed?"
Then, when she has tucked in the children,
And comes to the bright sitting room
With hopes for a nice pleasant evening,
She finds him sunk down in a gloom.

And, if she should ask for a dollar,
He'd make a most terrible noise,
Though he spent ten times what she asked for
When out last night with the boys.
If she says: "Let's go to the movies,"
He says he is too tired to go,
But later he goes to the pool room;
"The boys will expect me, you know."

Oh, yes, he's a jolly good fellow
Wherever he happens to be
Except with his wife, and his children,
At home where the neighbors can't see.
Remember, you "jolly good fellows,"
Wherever you tarry or roam,
You're simply a fake, and a bounder,
Unless you are jolly at home.

SUMMER NIGHTS

When evening shadows settle down
On mountain, valley, farm and town,
And sounds of labor fade away
As does the light from dying day,
Then rest and peace come gliding in
To take the place of toil and din,
And care and worry steal away
Into the shadows soft and gray.

And then the easy chairs are drawn
Out to the porch or smooth-cut lawn
To find, if possible, the breeze
That seems to stir the tall elm trees;
The older folks content with rest,
While youth recalls with eager zest
The many hap'nings of the day,
At school, at work, and childhood's play.

The baseball game on Saturday,
And where the boys were going to play;
Some joke about the spelling class,
And what boy broke the teacher's glass.
The bargain sales at Rockwell's store;
The accident to Reverend Moore,
And that the new chap, Henry White,
Went home with Fanny, Sunday night.

And from the homes along the street
There come young voices, gay and sweet:
A snatch of song; a merry cry
To some acquaintance passing by;
A "how-de-do," a girlish trill,
Then, for a time, the night is still,
Except from far away the sound
Of whip-poor-will, or baying hound.

Then Mother calls to Jane, and Fred:
"It's time for chicks to be in bed,"
And though they plead: "It's only eight,"
She firmly answers: "That's too late."
And so they scamper up the stairs;
With call to Mother: "Hear our prayers?"
And Grandpa softly slips away,
As Richard says, "To hit the hay."

And now the moon, full orbed and bright,
Comes o'er the hill to cast its light
Into the valley, far below,
And floods the town in silver glow;
And wakes the cocks on hillside farm,
Who sending out a wild alarm,
Believe that day has on them crept
While they, the barnyard watch, have slept.

Then for another hour or so
We sit and talk in accents low,
Of matters grave; of matters gay;
Of loved ones near, and far away,
Until the clock within the hall
Sends out a warning to us all
That though the world still glows with light,
'Tis time for all to say "good-night."

Oh, summer nights of long ago;
Oh, summer moon with silver glow;
Your joys can ne'er come back to me,
Save on the wings of memory;
For change and death break every tie,
Howe'er we long, or weep, or sigh,
And all that now is left to me
Of those old joys is memory.

SHINGLE SUASION

Uncle Si

You kin hear a lot o' reasons
Thet folks hand out today
Ez positive an sartin why
The young folks go astray.
Some sez the war with Germany
Is what hez done the work;
A poor excuse, it seems to me,
Fer them ez wants to shirk.

And some sez it's the autos, er
Movin picter shows,
An others try to lay it on
The style o' wimmen's cloes.
Some sez it's eddication an
The rush to see the sights,
An thar's still a lot o' ol' fools
Who sez it's wimmen's rights.

Now, I am ready to admit
Thet young folks ain't so nice
As when young Adam sat alone
Back thar in Paradise,
An he didn't hev no auto,
Er go to movie shows,
An, when Eve came, I understand,
She hed no stylish cloes.

An the landin o' the Pilgrims
Is not so fur away,
An times, I guess, hez changed a bit
Since that historic day,
But, thar is one thing can't be changed,
And thet is plain enough:
If we don't make our kids behave,
They're bound to grow up tough.

Thar's a way called "moral suasion"
Thet nabor, Farmer Joe,
Is usin' to train his kids
In ways they ought to go,
An, if thet way o' trainin' them
Is not a-goin' to fail,
He shore hez got 'em headed fer
The devil er the jail.

I know another suasion thet
Is bound to do some good;
I call it "shingle suasion" fer
It's made o' good pine wood.
My Father used to use it when
I didn't want to mind,
An I'm shore its application
Left lastin' good behind.

THE RAINBOW

A father and his little son,
A lad some ten years old,
Were watching a receding storm,
As back the clouds were rolled,
When suddenly across the sky
A brilliant bow was hung,
As though the clouds in full retreat
Their banner backward flung.

"Oh, Papa," cried the little boy:
"Just see that pretty bow,
The clouds are sorry that they cried,
And that's their smile, you know."
The father laughed: "That beats the tale
That is so often told
About your pretty rainbow, and
The fairy pot of gold."

"Oh, what about a pot of gold?"
The little lad inquired,
As though the mention of the gold
Imagination fired.
Then while they watched that fading bow,
The man that fiction told
That at the foot of each rainbow
There is a pot of gold.

Now many years have come and gone
Since that midsummer day;
That boy is now an aged man,
That father passed away.
Through all those years as youth and man,
With keen, and eager mind,
He sought the foot of each rainbow
That pot of gold to find.

But at the foot of each rainbow,
When he had reached the spot,
There was no gold, as he had hoped,
But just the empty pot.
But, still again, whene'er the bow
Across the dark clouds rolled,
He hastened to the foot of it
To get that pot of gold.

And then one day he saw a bow,
And when he ran it down,
He found the foot was resting in
His boyhood home and town.
And, there at last, most strange to say,
Was peace, and wealth untold,
For everyone in that home town,
Possessed a heart of gold.

UNKNOWN

'Twas just a little country church
Where dusty crossroads met,
A very lonely place it seemed
To passers-by, and yet
It was the church where farmers came
From homesteads far and near,
To worship on the Sabbath Day,
And Sacred Scriptures hear.

Across the road upon a knoll,
God's Acre could be seen,
The white stones gleaming in the sun
Beside the mounds of green.
Here, too, they came, those country folk,
When life had passed away,
To sleep upon that peaceful knoll
Till resurrection day.

In week days, all about the church
The silence reigned supreme,
Save when it echoed to the tread
Of some quick stepping team,
Or when a robin on the ridge,
Poured forth a song of glee,
Or several Jim crows met and talked
In the old maple tree.

But when the Sabbath Day had come,
The farmers gathered there
To listen to their minister,
And join with him in prayer
Then, when those services were o'er,
To Sunday School they stayed,
And after, lingered for a while,
To visit in the shade.

And some would to God's Acre go,
Before they went away,
Upon the mounds of their dear ones
Their bright-hued flowers to lay.
Then, when the time came to depart,
And all the "Good-byes" o'er,
They drove off to their homes again,
As oft they'd done before.

Then, when the last one of his flock
Had gone his way once more,
The faithful minister came out,
And shut and locked the door;
And then he, too, crossed to the knoll,
Where wife and baby slept,
Knelt down beside the silent mound,
And softly prayed, and wept.

Refreshed in soul by earnest prayer
For strength to bear his load,
He sought his home, a mile away,
Adown the dusty road.
And as he passed the little church
That looked so sad and lone,
It seemed to him its solitude
Was very like his own.

For he was shabby, like that church,
His clothes were old and worn,
And here and there a man-made patch
Showed where the clothes were torn.
But since his wife had passed away,
His people all had known
That he preferred to do his work,
And fight his grief alone.

His salary was very small,
A living would not pay,
Much less to lay aside a sum
For use some "rainy" day.
And, so to work his little farm,
His willing hand he turned,
And from the sale of garden truck
A meager living earned.

But as he in his garden toiled,
His heart was filled with praise
To Him who opened Nature's book
That he might learn her ways;
And thus inspired, each Sabbath Day,
He made the truth so clear
That those who came to criticize,
Were very glad to hear.

And thus he toiled, year in, year out,
Nor asked for better lot:
"His people, mission, and his church,
His garden, and his cot."
No matter what the cost to him,
He wore a smile of cheer,
And always for the grieving one
A sympathizing tear.

The sick would always send for him
Though distant many miles,
They felt that he could help them much
With tender words and smiles.
And when the busy doctor came,
He'd very often find
'Twas only sickness he must fight,
And not disease of mind.

The tramp who wandered to his door,
A wretched, sorry sight,
Was given food, and, if needs be,
A shelter for the night.
The wanton outcast, seeking aid
With fear of virtue's curse,
Received with Christ's "Go sin no more"
The contents of his purse.

And so this minister and church,
Unknown to but a few,
Were being used by God and man
A blessed work to do;
And though no earthly record shows
The good that there was done,
I'm sure that angels write it down,
Out there beyond the sun.

YOUR PROMISE

Don't forget your promise, boy,
You have made to her,
That you always would be kind,
Let what might occur.
Married life will test you, boy;
Test you through and through,
Whether you are mean and false,
Whether square and true.

If she doesn't prove to be
Pretty, angel child;
If sometimes she does some things
That almost drive you wild,
Don't you lose your temper, boy,
Always bear in mind
How you pleaded for her love,
Promised to be kind.

Don't forget your promise, girl,
You have made to him;
Life may sometimes prove to be
Very sad and grim.
Married life will test you, girl,
Test you through and through,
Whether you are weak and false,
Or strong, good, and true.

If he doesn't prove to be
Captain of your dream;
If sometimes he does some things
That almost make you scream,
Don't lose your temper, girl,
That will never pay,
Always keep your promises
Of your wedding day.

Don't forget your promises,
Now you're man and wife;
Keep the love fires burning bright,
Smile away all strife.
Death will surely come sometime,
Thrusting you apart;
If your promises have failed,
Grief will crush the heart.

HE LEANED THAT WAY

When Smith had started out for home
His mind was rather blank,
Instead of sunshine in his soul,
'Twas moonshine in his tank;
And as he staggered down the street
His vision wasn't true,
At times he saw the great White House,
At others, saw Bellevue.

At last, he got so badly mixed,
He leaned against a church;
The only place that he could find
To help him in the lurch.
A passer called, "Is that your church"?
And Smith could only say:
"Not yet, my friend, but don't you see,
Just now I lean that way."

MOVIN' PICTERS

By Uncle Si

When I'm a-sittin' in my yard,
Ez evenin' shades come down,
An' way off down the valley see
The twinklin' lights o' town,
I wonder if the folks down thar
Feel any o' the charm
Thet I hev allus felt out here
Upon my hillside farm.

I spose them town folks laf at me,
An' call me "rube" er "Dad,"
But thet don't cut no ice with me,
Ner even make me mad,
Fer country only means to them
A place whar one must work,
An' thet thar's the kind o' blessin'
Thet they're inclined to shirk.

Sure, it ain't no place fer loafers,
Fer every farmer knows
Thet he won't git no buckwheat cakes
Onless he plows and sows.
But, when the harvest days hev come
Thar's nothin' seems so good
Ez them crops fairly shoutin':
"I done the best I could."

But don't you git the notion thet
Thar's nothin' else but toil
Fer them thet loves the country,
An cultivate the soil,
Fer our pleasures and amusements
Beats town folks every time,
An' right here just outside the door,
An' never costs a dime.

We got the finest theatres
Thet man hez ever seen;
Sometimes it's beautiful in gold,
Sometimes in royal green.
The paintin' on the ceilin' wall,
No other place kin show
Fer human hands can't paint such scenes,
Not even Angelo.

Our movin' picters are the best
Thet ever thar could be;
Ol' Nater shows 'em every day
Fer them ez wants to see.
The bills is changed frum hour to hour
All through the day an night,
An' in it all, we see God's hand,
An' wonder at His might.

An' then, the music thet we hear,
No human symphony
Kin ever equal in effect
Its perfect harmony.
The robin sounds the reveille,
Ez dawn comes o'er the hills
An' then the great doxology
The waking mornin' thrills.

An' after thet, the meadder lark
A mornin' carol sings,
Ez o'er the diamond studded fields
He dips, an' sways, an' swings.
An', far away, the Bob White calls;
The blackbird makes reply,
An' ol' Jim Crow croaks in a note
Ez though he'd like to try.

The peepers, too, pipe up their best
From thet low swampy place,
An ol' bull frog jines in the tune
With his resoundin' bass.
An' Nater's all-round orkestra
Is allus right to hum;
The tinklin' brook; wind in the trees;
The partridge with his drum.

An', suddenly, the air is filled
With wondrous melody
No Prima Donna ever matched
In this world's history;
Fer it's the robin redbreast an'
Spring's harbinger o' cheer,
Whose brilliant solos never cease
Till winter's snows appear.

None o' them big art galleries
Kin anywhar touch ours
In paintin' o' the woods an' hills,
The fields, the birds, the flowers.
No artist's hand kin duplicate
On canvas, wood er stone,
The rose's blush, the lily's grace,
But God an' God's alone.

So you may hev your village life,
An' all you think it gives,
But I prefer the country life
Whar God an' Nater lives.
Er, if one ain't both blind and deaf
To all o' Nater's charm,
Thar ain't no life in this here world
Like livin' on a farm.

THE LITTLE TRUNDLE BED

By Uncle Si

No, Antique Man, thet's not fer sale,
Thet little trundle bed;
May be it ain't no use to us,
Ez you hev jest now sed,
But it hez stood thar thirty year,
Close up to Betsy's side,
Whar she, at any time o' night,
Could touch it, if she tried.

Sometimes I wake up in the night,
An' hear her talkin' low,
An' I know thet she is dreamin'
'Bout the nights o' long ago.
She hez her hand onto the crib,
Ez in the nights gone by,
An' she is croonin' tenderly:
"Hush, little one, don't cry."

An' when next day, I tell her o'
The things thet she hez sed,
An' thet she's smoothed the pillow o'
Thet little trundle bed,
Thar wuz a tear an' then a smile
I'm allus glad to see:
"Yes, Si, 'twuz such a happy dream
Thet she come back to me."

"I dreamed thet on thet pillow lay
Our little Betsy girl;
Thet I could feel her soft, smooth cheek,
An' every darlin' curl,
An', oh, I'm glad to hev them dreams,
They somehow seem to be
The way thet God is takin' now
To cheer an' comfort me."

She allus keeps thet trundle bed
Ez clean, an' sweet, an' white
Az if some little Angel girl
Would sleep in it at night;
An' allus, when the mornin' comes,
Before she goes down stairs,
She kneels long side thet trundle bed,
An' sez her mornin' prayers.

An', so you see it seems to me
A sacred place o' prayer,
Whar Betsy goes to ask the Lord
Fer strength her grief to bear.
Thet trundle bed will never leave
The place whar it hez stood
Fer thirty years, till we hev left
This hillside farm fer good.

EAT A WORM

"Nobody loves me; I'm going out
Into the garden and eat a worm."

If you think your friends don't love you,
Eat a worm;
If you think they feel above you,
Eat a worm;
There's nothing quite so sure
That your silly grouch will cure
As a worm.

If you think you're not well treated,
Eat a worm;
If you think you're being cheated,
Eat a worm;
Though it isn't very nice
It will cure you in a trice,
Will a worm.

If you think you are neglected,
Eat a worm;
If by envy you're dejected,
Eat a worm;
Though perhaps it may not please,
It will cure that mean disease,
Will a worm.

Do you feel that Fortune fails you,
Eat a worm;
It's just a grouch that ails you,
Eat a worm;
To get that silly fellow,
That's making you so yellow,
Eat a worm.

THE FLOATING KIDNEY

One morning Sandy came to call
Upon the village preacher,
And Sandy, although a good churchman,
Was quite a simple creature.
He said that he had come that day
To ask the Reverend Sydney
To pray in church next Sunday morn
For Sandy's floating kidney.

"Why, Sandy," Reverend Sydney said,
"Such prayer would cause great laughter,
And every person in the town
Would guy you ever after."
"I don't see why," Sandy replied
"I'm one of your best givers,
And yesterday you prayed in church
For sinners and loose livers."

UNCLE SI'S REPLY TO HIRAM

Well, Hi, I got yer letter,
An' wuz surprized to know
You didn't like thet great wide West
Whar you hed longed to go.
Yes, we often talked it over,
When times wuz not the best,
Fer we thought times would be better
Way out thar in the West.

I'm a-settin' by the winder
Whar I kin see yer place,
An' sometimes when I shet my eyes,
Why, I kin see yer face.
I reckon it ain't changed so much
Since when you went away,
An' left yer little hillside farm
Back here in ol' P A.

Ner is yer ol' place changed a bit,
So fur ez I kin see,
An' I think thar's lots o' apples
On thet gnarled ol' apple tree;
I almost hear the bubblin' o'
Yer spring so cold an' gray,
But thet is only guess-work;
It is too fur away.

The buckwheat blossoms on the hill,
I see it wave frum here;
It allus wuz a putty sight
About this time o' year.
An' if you took one o' them planes
An' landed here today,
You'd find the ol' farm jest the same
Ez when you went away.

I got a letter 'tother day
Thet tempted me to sell,
But when your letter come along,
I thought I'd wait a spell.
I felt I didn't want to sell,
Yer letter made me sure,
An' so I thank you, ol' friend Hi,
Fer you hev worked the cure.

Yer letter opened up my eyes
To things I hedn't seen:
The sky is now a deeper blue;
The grass a brighter green.
The robin sings a sweeter song
Than I hev heered before;
His nest is in thet maple tree
Thet's jest outside my door.

The wild rose growin' by the fence
Ain't meant so much to me;
I s'pose thet I would miss it bad,
If I wuz whar you be;
I allus thought the whip-poor-will
Wuz somethin' of a bore,
But since I got yer letter, Hi,
I don't think so no more.

I've allus hed a hankerin',
Since you hev gone away,
To sell my little hillside farm,
An' go out West some day.
But still I hed a feelin', Hi,
An' you hev made it clear,
Thet after all is said an' done,
I'd better stay right here.

An' me an' Ma hez often said
We wished thet you wuz back;
With you an' yer Maria gone,
Thar's somethin' thet we lack.
I got a hundred dollars, Hi,
I'll lend you any day
To help you get back hum agin
To little ol' P A.

So, set right down, an' write to me
Thet you kin use my kale,
An' I will send it off to you
By thet thar flyin' mail;
Fer you are right about ol' friends,
However time may fly,
You'll find me ez I wuz of yore,
Yer friend an' nabor, Si.

CLEANIN' HOUSE

By Uncle Si

Yes, we hav been a-keepin' house
Fer forty year, er more,
An' we hev larned a lot o' things
We never knew before.
Thar's one thing allus gits my goat:
It seems to me a crime
Thet every year in arly spring
Thar comes house-cleanin' time.

Somehow, I can't git used to it,
Though Betsy sez I will,
But I hev tried it forty year;
It irritates me still.
The only way thet I kin keep
Frum sayin' "cuss" er "darn,"
Is jest make up some fool excuse
An' run out to the barn.

On Monday mornin' she begins
The spare bedroom to clean,
An' ez it's on the second floor,
It would be mighty mean,
If I did not tote up her pails,
An' suds, an' mop, an' such,
An' take the picters down fer her.
I sure kin help thet much.

An' then she says: "How would you like
To take thet mattress out,
An' hang it on the back yard line,
Whar it is good an' stout?"
An' when I come back in agin
Expectin' to be free,
She sez: "Si, would you like to take
This carpet up fer me?"

An' when I git the carpet up,
Thar's nothin' else to do
But hang it out on to the line,
An' beat an' hour er two.
An' thet's the way she keeps it up
In every other room,
To sweep, an' grub, an' dig, an' rub,
With brush, an' mop, an' broom.

An' when she hez the upstairs done,
She tackles down-stair next,
An' then filosofy is punk,
An' I get railly vexed;
Fer thar's confusion everywhar
A feller can't set down,
An' if it want consumkit mean,
I'd light right out fer town.

The books is scattered on the lounge;
The bookcase shelves is bare;
Thar's something frum the closet shelves
On every blessed chair.
Thar's bundles lyin' on the stairs,
An' picters on the bed;
The kitchen is so cluttered up,
We eat out in the shed.

Last night I slipped on to some soap
A-layin' on the floor,
An' now a part o' my ol' frame
Is feelin' mighty sore,
But Betsy felt so sorry 'bout
Fergettin' o' the soap
Thet when she asked me did it hurt,
I lied, an' answered "Nope."

We hev to go to bed at dark,
Fer Betsy's tuckered out,
But she is up again at five,
An' hustlin' 'round about.
An' everything is upside down,
An' not a thing in place:
"Confound it, whar's thet wash dish gone,
I want to wash my face."

But, after while, thar comes an' end;
Five days, an' it is done,
An' Betsy, tired ez a dog,
Sez: "It's bin awful fun."
An' I'm thinkin' "awful's" right,
It is an' awful crime
Thet every Spring thar comes to us
This awful cleanin' time.

WHAT UNCLE SI LEARNED

Yes, forty years hev slipped away
Since me an' Betsy's weddin' day,
An' while thet seems a lot o' years,
Chock full o' happiness an' tears,
Them years hev slipped away so fast,
I can't believe thet they hev passed,
An' still I've larned a lot o' things
Thet bein' married allus brings.

The fust week both o' us found out
A thing o' which there want no doubt,
Thet we hev tempers good an' hot,
An' allus Johnny on the spot,
An' skersely hed the week gone by
When Betsy hed an awful cry;
Oh, yes, I larned a lot o' things
Thet bein' married allus brings.

Then, one day, Betsy got so mad,
She left an' went back to her Dad;
She told me when she shet the door
Thet she want comin' back no more,
But, when the sun wuz goin' down,
Her daddy brought her back frum town,
An' said we'd better larn some things
Thet bein' married allus brings.

I guess thet I wuz awful mean,
Er mebbe I wuz only green,
Fer thar wuz times, it seemed to me,
Thet we would not agin agree,
Then one would give in by-an-by,
An' seemed to me 'twas allus Si,
Fer I hed larned a lot o' things
Thet bein' married allus brings.

But, after while, we understood
The way to make our marriage good
Wuz jest fergit our selfishness,
An' strive fer mutual happiness,
An' allus stop an' think a spell
Before we started raisin'—well,
We both hev larned a lot o' things
Thet bein' married allus brings.

WHAT BETSY LEARNED

Yes, I suppose that Si is right,
About those forty years
That have been filled with happiness,
And sometimes foolish tears.
For we have said and done some things
That really didn't pay,
And we have learned a lot of things
Since that far wedding day.

At first I couldn't understand
Why we could not agree,
For Si had said, before we wed,
He'd leave it all to me.
And I forgot what I had said
That he might have his way,
For that, you see, was just before
That far-off wedding day.

And, then that time Si tells about
When I got good and mad,
And left him looking after me
And I went back to Dad.
And Dad, he told me some cold facts
In his stern, forceful way,
About the vows that we had made
Upon our wedding day.

And, when I got back home again,
Why, Si, he seemed so glad,
I almost asked him to forgive
That I had got so mad.
But, still, I guess its just as well
Those words I didn't say,
Like Si, I've learned a lot of things
Since that far wedding day.

An' then one day, Si, too, got mad
And went out to the barn
And I could hear him usin' words
That was much worse than "darn,"
But, after while, he came back in
(I knew he wouldn't stay),
And said: "I sure forgot them things,
I said thet weddin' day."

But, after while, as Si has said,
We earned a lot of things,
That helped to bring the happiness
That marriage always brings.
And now that forty years have passed,
I'm honest, when I say
"I'm thankful that there was for me
That far-off wedding day."

UNCLE SI'S CAR

Oh, yes, I've got a little car,
But let me tell you Ed,
I didn't mortgage this ol' farm
To put it in the shed.
I waited till I got the cash;
It did come ruther slow,
But now it is my little car,
No matter whar I go.

An' Betsy got her washer fust,
Fer Betsy's stood by me,
An' when she's wantin' anythin'
I git it fer her, see?
Fer Betsy, like all farmer's wives,
Hez lots o' work to do,
An' I will git her anythin'
Thet's goin' to help her through.

An' when the time fer plowin' comes,
I stick right to my job,
An' don't drive off with Sam and Bill
A-raisin' merry hob.
An' my car ain't haulin' bootleg,
An' I ain't no time to jaw
With a lot o' dirty fellers
A-breakin' o' the law.

An' when the evenin' comes along,
An' all my chores is done,
Why, me an' Betsy takes the car,
An' makes a little run,
An' if the moon is purty high,
When we git back to bed,
It's only like it used to be
Before we two wuz wed.

I used to take my ol' gray hoss
To git my milk to town,
But now I take my little car,
An' almost shoot it down,
An' then, I hurry back again
An' don't loaf in the stores
A-gassin' with the other boys,
While Betsy does the chores.

An' then we allus go to church,
When Sunday comes along,
To praise an' bless our Maker's name,
With glad an' joyous song.
We do not let our little car
Our worship to ferget,
But use it as a happy means
To be more faithful yet.

An' then we sometimes drive fur-off
To see things strange an' new,
When we kin hev a restin' spell
With nothin' much to do;
But not when plantin' time is on,
Ner when we're cuttin' hay,
Fer when there's anything to do,
We're right here every day.

Yes, I hev a little car,
A purty good one, too,
Thet me an' Betsy ride out in
When all our work is through,
An' when we go out fer a trip,
Though it be near er far,
We know thet it will bring us back,
Thet little ol' Ford car.

MA

By Uncle Si

When the winter winds is rattlin'
At the winders an' the doors,
An' I've tended to the cattle
An' hev done my evenin' chores;
An' Ma hez got her housework done
An' is ready fur a rest,
Thet's jest the hour o' all the day
Thet pleases me the best.

Fer I put Ma's easy rocker
In the place she likes to be,
Whar she kin see the flames an' sparks
Fly up the big chimney.
An' I pull my chair up closer
To the blazin' fire-place
Whar I kin see the ruddy flames
Light up her bonny face.

But, she laughs, an' sez I'm foolish;
Thet my sight is failin' me,
Thet her face is full o' wrinkles
Thet a blind man ought to see;
But I think she ruther likes it,
Fer her laugh is sweet an' low,
With a happy note within it
Thet I learned so long ago.

Then I feel her fingers slippin'
Into my rough, calloused hand,
An' thar ain't to explanation,
Fer she knows I understand.
Yes, of course, her hand is roughened,
But it's jest ez dear to me
Ez the fust time thet I held it
With timid ecstasy.

An' we needn't do much talkin'
Fer we know what we would say,
'Bout the ol' days; 'bout the children
Thet hev strayed so fur away.
So we set thar in the fire-light,
Ez we've offen done before,
An' dream about those ol' days thet
Will never come no more.

Then sometimes I hear her sighin'
Ez she rocks thar to and fro,
An' I guess thet she is dreamin'
Of some love of long ago;
So I put my arm around her
Jest to show my sympathy,
An' she leans agin my shoulder,
An' smiles up happily.

So, the icy winds o' winter
Kin jest blow, an rage, an' storm,
Fer before thet blazin' fire-place,
Ma an' me is snug an' warm;
An' the cares o' life all vanish,
An' earth seems a Heavenly place,
With ma's head upon my shoulder
An' smiles upon her face.

OLD GROUCH, THE FROG

There was a frog lived in a bog
Where it was dark and cold,
A place where sunshine never came
To drive away the mold.
And all day long that frog would croak
About his awful lot,
But didn't have the common sense
To leave that gloomy spot.

He sat upon a rotten root,
And croaked at everything
That swam, or moved around on legs,
Or flew that way on wings.
And everything that could
Fled from that horrid spot
And left that croaking, scolding frog
To darkness, cold and rot.

And then, one day a man went by
To fish a nearby brook
And, carelessly into that bog,
He cast his baited hook.
Quick as a flash, the old frog sprang
Upon that tempting bait,
Then, through the air, he left that bog
At a most rapid rate.

Then, where his captor cast him loose,
The sun was warm and bright,
A sparkling brook ran merrily
No gloomy bog in sight.
Gay butterflies flew here and there,
The birds sang in the trees,
The wild flowers all along the bank
Were filled with honey bees.

This was another world, indeed,
To that old grouch, the frog,
Than he had ever known before
In that cold, gloomy bog.
And there was naught to grouch about
The world was far too gay
And though he couldn't sing at all
He chuckled all the day.

Now if you are a gloomy grouch
Within a gloomy bog
Of discontent and crankiness
Like that old gloomy frog,
That didn't have the common-sense
To hop a yard or more
And feel the sun and know the joy,
He never had before.

Perhaps this little tale of mine
May be a tempting bait
To make you jump out of your bog,
And change the trend of fate.
And though the place you occupy
May seen obscure and small,
I know you'll find this big, old world
A fine place, after all.

CHUMMY ROAD

Come, on, old chum, let's walk this road,
No matter where it wanders;
No matter where it leads at last,
Nor how much time it squanders.
No matter if at times 'tis rough,
No matter what the weather,
If this old road be broad enough
For us to walk together.

It seems so easy, broad, and straight,
Right here where we are starting,
Let's hope it has no narrow turns
To force us into parting.
Perhaps it wanders over hills,
And down a fertile valley
With many orchards fruited deep,
Where we would love to dally.

And, if we strike a narrow place,
I'll follow on behind you,
My hand upon your shoulder laid
That I may always find you.
And when sometimes the road divides,
We differ in our choosing,
We'll flip a coin to settle it,
And thus no friendship losing.

And then this road may run along
Beside some brooklet, singing;
Then down some gorge with shadows deep,
With ghostly echoes ringing.
Where overhanging rocks look down
Upon us as we travel,
And many times we slip and slide
Upon the sand and gravel.

No doubt it runs by meadows fair,
Where meadow larks are soaring,
And over mountains, bleak and bare,
Where fiercest winds are roaring.
Sometimes the rain will on it beat,
And make unpleasant going
Sometimes the dust will fill our eyes,
Because of cross winds blowing.

And then when winter comes along
With piercing blasts, and snowing,
We'll to each other nearer draw
To keep our spirits glowing.
No matter what the road may be;
No matter what the weather,
If through it all, old chum of mine,
We travel it together.

STATIC

Oh, yes, I have a radio,
I'll tell you all about it,
It certainly is fine for me,
I wouldn't be without it.
But sometimes it will take a spell
To squeal, and squawk, and yowl, and yell.
Static!

I want to hear the President
On some important topics,
And what he has to say about
The trouble in the tropics.
And when I'm getting it quite plain,
The radio shrieks out in pain.
Static!

And then Damrosch is advertised
To give a grand recital,
I turn the dial to sixty-two
For this is something vital.
And when I'm getting it quite clear
My radio shouts out in fear.
Static!

Now, do you wonder I get vexed
At such unseemly clatter
And want to break the thing apart
To see what is the matter?
They say it's in the atmosphere
And that we're always bound to hear
Static!

My radio is worth to me
A handsome piece of money,
But still I will confess to you
Its actions are not funny.
If I could be induced to tell
I'd say those noises came from—well,
Static!

MY WHISTLE

One time there was a great big boat
Upon a great big river;
It had a great big whistle, to,
That made the darkies shiver.
Why, when they let that whistle go,
Its bellow was so fearful
That people many miles away
Would often get an ear-full.

And then there was a smaller boat
Upon that great big river;
Its whistle was too small to make
A pickaninny shiver.
The captain of this smaller boat
Would always snort and bristle,
When anyone would talk about
That other fellow's whistle.

And finally this captain bought
A siren with a bellow;
That quite outdid the other boat,
And peeved the other fellow.
But, when he pulled the whistle cord
To make that sound so stunning,
It used up all the steam he had,
And stopped his boat from running.

I like to make a great big noise
Like some of these big fellows
But fear, if I should try it once
I'd burst my little bellows.
So I prefer to sail along
A-down life's mighty river,
Although my whistle will not make
A pickaninny shiver.

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